

Closed Mouth Poet

by Cher Balsley

That night
Having perked up the courage
To simply be there,
I was overwhelmed
Immediately
By a pack.

This coffee house was brimming
I waded through
Sought the familiar cash register
And ordered my coffee
With plenty of steamed milk, the way I like it
No sugar.
Tonight I leave the sweetener
To those at the open mic ...

Some were as smooth as saccharin,
Perfect packets of pink or blue,
With finely chopped lines you could snort.
Their words perfectly chosen and aligned
Technical feats and designs
That any architect would envy.
Chemically correct and modern
But as tasteless as plastic.
Their emotions
Approximately
Nonexistent.

Then numerous others were Dixie-brand,
Refined sugar that is,
Indistinguishable bleached granules
That powdered white
That droned on about something sweet
That hinted at their primary status as flora
But whose process had rendered them
Akin to all and sundry.

But few were as pure
As Sugar in the Raw
Closer to the earth than dirt
Golden brown melted in my head
Sensed vibrations undetected by seismometers
Felt energies not yet discovered by the world
Created awareness out of their own experience

Honestly not caring
How ugly their emotions may appear written down
For it was truth!

My own words are honey
Poured forth into this blend
Dissolved quickly
Uttering not one syllable of sound
None the less mellifluous
Stuck to the spoon in my mouth.